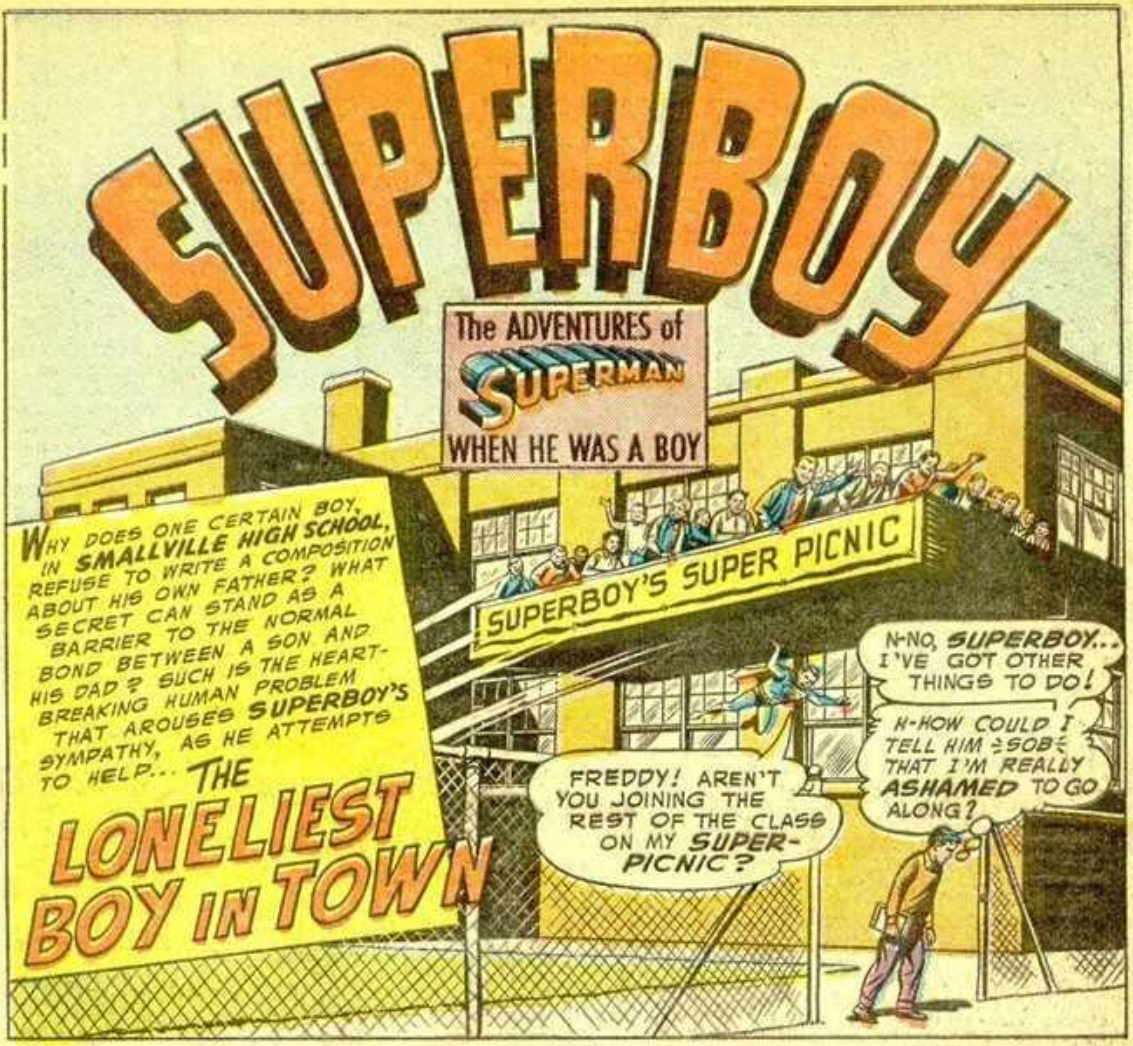
ALL NEW STORIES
10¢
JUNE NO. 49
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
SUPERMAN
DC
NATIONAL COMICS
SUPERBOY
Featuring
"METALLO of KRYPTON!"
JUST LIKE ROBINSON CRUSOE, I'M MAROONED ON AN ISLAND--AN ISLAND IN SPACE! AND I EVEN HAVE MY MAN FRIDAY!


SUPERBOY
The ADVENTURES of SUPERMAN WHEN HE WAS A BOY
WHY DOES ONE CERTAIN BOY, IN SMALLVILLE HIGH SCHOOL, REFUSE TO WRITE A COMPOSITION ABOUT HIS OWN FATHER? WHAT SECRET CAN STAND AS A BARRIER TO THE NORMAL BOND BETWEEN A SON AND HIS DAD? SUCH IS THE HEART-BREAKING HUMAN PROBLEM THAT AROUSES SUPERBOY'S SYMPATHY, AS HE ATTEMPTS TO HELP... THE LONELIEST BOY IN TOWN
SUPERBOY'S SUPER PICNIC
FREDDY! AREN'T YOU JOINING THE REST OF THE CLASS ON MY SUPER-PICNIC?
N-NO, SUPERBOY... I'VE GOT OTHER THINGS TO DO!
H-HOW COULD I TELL HIM ≥SOB≤ THAT I'M REALLY ASHAMED TO GO ALONG?

ONE DAY AT SMALLVILLE HIGH, CLARK KENT'S ENGLISH CLASS GETS A UNIQUE ASSIGNMENT...
FOR NEXT MONDAY, EACH OF YOU WILL WRITE A COMPOSITION ENTITLED "MY FATHER'S JOB"! POINT OUT IN WHAT WAYS THE JOB IS IMPORTANT!
AFTERWARD, WHEN CLASS HAS ENDED...
MY FATHER'S A BANKER... HE HANDLES IMPORTANT FINANCES!
MY FATHER IS A WELL-KNOWN SCIENTIST!
MINE'S A SURGEON... HE'S SAVED MANY LIVES WITH DELICATE OPERATIONS!

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WHAT DOES YOUR DAD DO, FREDDY?
MY DAD? ER...OH, I CAN'T TELL YOU! IN FACT -CHOKE- I DON'T THINK I'LL EVEN WRITE THAT COMPOSITION!
WAIT, FREDDY! WHY DON'T YOU WANT TO WRITE A THEME ABOUT YOUR FATHER'S JOB?
BECAUSE I--I'M ASHAMED TO, CLARK! OTHER FATHERS DO IMPORTANT THINGS! BUT MY FATHER... WELL--LOOK!
SEE?... MY DAD IS JUST A--A COMMON DOORMAN!
HMM... EVERYBODY JUST CALLS HIM "CAPTAIN JOE" BECAUSE OF HIS UNIFORM! FREDDY PARKER KEPT IT A SECRET THAT THIS MAN WAS HIS FATHER!
DEEP SEA DIVERS OF DOOM
HELLO, SON! HI, CLARK...DID YOUR DAD EVER SELL ALL THAT NEATSFOOT OIL NOBODY WANTED LAST YEAR?
NEATSFOOT OIL? OH--YES... HE DID SELL IT, CAPTAIN JOE!
NOW SHOWING
GOSH, I'D ALMOST FORGOTTEN THAT NEATSFOOT OIL MYSELF... EVEN WITH MY SUPER-MEMORY! CAPTAIN JOE KNOWS EVERYBODY IN TOWN, AND REMEMBERS EVERY LITTLE THING ABOUT PEOPLE!
AH, MRS. BLAINE! IS YOUR BABY OVER THE MEASLES?
HOW CAN YOU BE ASHAMED OF A KIND AND THOUGHTFUL MAN LIKE THAT, FREDDY?
BECAUSE MY FATHER'S STILL A NOBODY--WITH THE LEAST IMPORTANT JOB IN TOWN!
2

DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND?... HOW CAN I WRITE A THEME ABOUT A DOORMAN SOB WHO COLLECTS MOVIE TICKETS ALL DAY?
GOSH-- HE'S HUMILIATED BECAUSE HE THINKS HIS FATHER'S JOB COMMANDS NO RESPECT! I WISH I COULD HELP FREDDY SEE HOW WRONG HE IS!
YOU'LL GET YOUR CHANCE, CLARK, BY A STRANGE TWIST OF FATE--FOR THAT EVENING, AT HOME, AS YOU BEGIN YOUR OWN COMPOSITION...
I'M NOT IN THE LEAST ASHAMED THAT MY FOSTER FATHER IS ONLY A STOREKEEPER AND... WAIT! MY SUPER-HEARING PICKED UP GUNSHOTS!
BANG BANG
SWIFTLY, CLARK HURLS ASIDE HIS DAILY GUISE, TO REVEAL HIS OTHER SECRET SELF...
MY TELESCOPIC VISION SHOWS A ROBBERY AT THE BANK IN THE ALLEY... THIS IS A JOB FOR SUPERBOY!
BUT UPON REACHING THE SCENE OF THE CRIME...
I'M ALL RIGHT, SUPERBOY... GO FIND THE BANDITS! I CAN'T IDENTIFY THEM... THEY ALL WORE MASKS!
I'LL RUN THEM DOWN BEFORE THEY MAKE THEIR GETAWAY!
HOWEVER, AS SUPERBOY PATROLS ALL THE NEARBY STREETS...
NO SIGN OF THEIR GETAWAY CAR... THEY MUST HAVE HOLED UP NEARBY! I'LL SEARCH EVERY BUILDING IN THE VICINITY!
BUT MINUTES LATER, HE RETURNS EMPTY-HANDED AND BAFFLED...
NO HIDING PLACE EITHER... THEY SEEMED TO-- TO VANISH INTO THIN AIR! I'LL REPORT IT TO THE POLICE! GOSH, WHAT A MYSTERY!
SMALLEY BANK
POLICE
3

SO NEXT DAY, BACK AT SCHOOL, CLARK (SUPERBOY) KENT HAS TWO PROBLEMS ON HIS MIND...
NOT A SINGLE CLUE TO THE THREE BANDITS... AND I SEE POOR FREDDY PARKER STILL CAN'T BRING HIMSELF TO WRITE A THEME ABOUT HIS FATHER!
THE OTHER KIDS WOULD LAUGH IF THEY KNEW MY FATHER WAS A... A MERE DOORMAN!
WAIT! FREDDY'S FATHER REMINDS ME OF SOMETHING IMPORTANT! THE THEATRE IS RIGHT NEXT TO THE BANK... I'LL CHECK THERE AFTER SCHOOL!
SMALLVILLE BANK
LATER, AS SUPERBOY TAKES OVER THE INVESTIGATION...
THAT'S THE ANSWER... THESE BACK EXITS ARE JUST ACROSS THE ALLEY FROM EACH OTHER! THE ROBBERS SIMPLY SNEAKED FROM THE MOVIE TO ROB THE BANK-- THEN DARTED BACK INTO THE DARK THEATRE! NO WONDER I COULDN'T FIND THEM!
REAR EXIT BANK
REAR EXIT THEATER
AFTER SUPERBOY REVEALS HIS THEORY TO THE DOORMAN...
I REMEMBER SEEING THREE HARD-LOOKING MEN ENTER BEFORE THE ROBBERY... THE ONLY THREE CUSTOMERS WHOM I'VE NEVER SEEN IN TOWN BEFORE!
THEY MUST BE THE BANDITS, FROM OUT-OF-TOWN! BUT-- GOSH... THAT MEANS YOU DON'T KNOW THEIR NAMES EITHER!
BUT THE TROUBLE IS, THAT STILL LEAVES ME NOWHERE! THE THREE BANDITS ARE SAFE FROM IDENTIFICATION, SITTING AMONG MANY OTHER PEOPLE IN A DARK MOVIE ALL EVENING!
HMM... MAYBE I CAN HELP YOU, SUPERBOY!
TRUE... BUT I CAN DESCRIBE THEM! FOR INSTANCE, ONE MAN HAD HEAVY EYEBROWS, THIN LIPS, CURLY HAIR-- AND A BAD CUT ON HIS CHIN, FROM SHAVING!
4

THANKS, CAPTAIN JOE... LUCKY YOU HAVE SUCH A PHOTOGRAPHIC MEMORY! I'LL TRACK DOWN "CUT CHIN" FIRST, THEN CHECK BACK WITH YOU ON THE OTHERS!
GOOD... THEY SHOULD STILL BE IN TOWN, BECAUSE THE POLICE PUT UP ROADBLOCKS RIGHT AFTER THE ROBBERY!
AT SUPER-SPEED, THE BOY OF STEEL SEARCHES ALL KNOWN CRIMINAL HIDEOUTS, WITH HIS X-RAY VISION...
HIS CUT COULDN'T HEAL OVERNIGHT... OUGHT TO BE EASY TO SPOT BANDIT #1 WITH AN ADHESIVE TAPE ON HIS CHIN!
BUT AWHILE LATER...
FUNNY... NO MAN WITH A CUT CHIN IN ALL OF SMALLVILLE! DID HE SOMEHOW ESCAPE THROUGH THE POLICE DRAGNET? NO--WAIT... I HAVE IT! HE'S STILL HERE, AND I'LL EXPOSE HIM!
AROUND TOWN, SUPERBOY CARRIES OUT A PECULIAR PROCEDURE...
I'LL USE A GUST OF SUPER-BREATH ON EVERY BEARDED MAN I SEE! REAL BEARDS WILL STAY ON!
FINALLY...
AH... THAT FALSE ONE CAME LOOSE, REVEALING HIS CUT CHIN! THAT'S SUSPECT #1... BUT I CAN'T NAB HIM FOR ARREST WITHOUT THE HIDDEN LOOT FOR EVIDENCE!
HE FIXED HIS FALSE BEARD BACK IN PLACE, THINKING JUST A GUST OF WIND LOOSENED IT BEFORE! I'LL TELL THIS SQUAD-CAR TO TAIL HIM TO HIS HIDEOUT AND THE LOOT!
POLICE
LATER, UPON REPORTING BACK TO THE MAN WITH THE SUPER-MEMORY...
YOU "FINGERED" #1 FOR ME, CAPTAIN JOE! NOW FOR THE SECOND BANDIT...
WELL, HE ISN'T SO EASY TO DESCRIBE, SUPERBOY!
5

HE WORE A MUSTACHE! OUTSIDE OF THAT HE WAS QUITE ORDINARY EXCEPT FOR A SLIGHT STUTTER...
NOW SHOWING "DEEP SEA DIVERS OF DOOM" IN TECHNICOLOR
BAH! I D-DON'T ENJOY THESE TECHNICOLOR M-MOVIES!

THAT ISN'T MUCH HELP, IS IT, SUPERBOY?
GOSH, HOW CAN I FIND A MUSTACHED MAN WHO STUTTERS, UNLESS... HMM--THERE'S ONE POSSIBILITY! ONLY I'LL NEED SOME OF MOM KENT'S CLOTHING DYES TO TRY IT OUT!

AT HOME, A SHORT WHILE LATER...
THERE--I'VE REVERSED THE COLORS OF MY SPARE SUIT! I CAN WASH THESE DYES OUT LATER!
BLUE DYE
BUT HOW CAN REVERSED COLORS AID SUPERBOY IN HIS SEARCH?

AND WHY DOES HE NEXT GO OUT TO PERFORM A SEEMINGLY UNRELATED TASK?...
I PROMISED TO PASTE UP THESE CHARITY POSTERS ON EVERY STREET CORNER ANYHOW... SO I'LL KILL TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE, BY "ACCIDENTALLY" LETTING EVERY MUSTACHED MAN IN SMALLVILLE SEE MY NEW COLORS!
SUPER CHARITY DRIVE
PLEASE HELP!
BOY'S ORPHANAGE
PASTE

GOSH, SUPERBOY--WHY ARE THE COLORS OF YOUR SUIT TURNED AROUND?
I'LL... ER... EXPLAIN LATER, SIR!
AND IF MY THEORY'S CORRECT, YOU'RE NOT THE MAN I'M AFTER, ESPECIALLY SINCE YOU DON'T STUTTER!
SUPER CHARITY DR
PASTE

BUT MUCH LATER, WHEN ONE PARTICULAR MUSTACHED MAN WALKS BY WITHOUT SAYING A WORD...
AHA! HE DIDN'T SHOW THE LEAST SURPRISE AT MY ODD COLORS--PROVING HE'S COLOR BLIND! I DON'T EVEN HAVE TO CHECK IF HE STUTTERS... I'LL TELL POLICE TO FOLLOW HIM AS SUSPECT #2!
BOY'S ORPHANAGE
VOTE FOR BROWN

AFTER SUPERBOY DONS HIS OTHER UNIFORM...
YOUR FAULTLESS MEMORY DID IT AGAIN, CAPTAIN JOE! AFTER ALL, I REASONED, WHY WOULD THE CROOK MENTION NOT ENJOYING TECHNICOLOR MOVIES, UNLESS HE WAS COLOR BLIND?
I'M GLAD... BUT--BUT MY MEMORY MAY FAIL YOU COMPLETELY FOR THE THIRD AND LAST MAN, SUPERBOY!
DRUGS
HE WAS MEDIUM BUILD AND BALD-HEADED, LIKE MANY OTHER MEN! YOU COULDN'T PICK HIM OUT OF A CROWD BY HIS APPEARANCE...
WE'LL SMOKE IN THE BALCONY... BUT WAIT'LL I LIGHT MY OWN CIGARETTE NOW!
AN ORDINARY BALD-HEADED MAN WHO SMOKES... THAT FITS 100 MEN! GUESS I--I FAILED YOU THIS TIME, SUPERBOY!
FEATURE DOOM
ON THE CONTRARY, CAPTAIN JOE, YOU GAVE ME THE PERFECT CLUE AGAIN--WITHOUT REALIZING IT!
SUPERBOY SETS UP HIS SUPER-LADDER OVER MAIN STREET, WHERE SOONER OR LATER, EVERYONE MUST PASS...
WHAT CLUE, SUPERBOY?... AND WHY DOES IT LEAD YOU TO A LOCAL JUNK HEAP?...
I'LL BUILD A GIANT LADDER FROM THIS SCRAP MATERIAL, AS THE FIRST STEP TOWARD PINNING DOWN MY MAN!
I TOLD THE STEEPLEJACK PAINTING THAT TOWER TO DO ME A FAVOR AND DRIP PAINT DOWN! PEOPLE WILL THINK I'M JUST UP HERE TO CATCH THE PAINT... BUT I'M REALLY KEEPING WATCH BELOW, WHERE ALL PEDESTRIANS AND CARS MUST GO UNDER MY LADDER!
7

USING HIS X-RAY VISION TO PENETRATE CARS AND HATS, SUPERBOY OBSERVES ALL BALD-HEADED MEN UNTIL...
AH... OTHER BALD-HEADED MEN HARDLY NOTICED THE LADDER... BUT THIS ONE IS SCARED!
I'LL TAKE THE LONG WAY AROUND! NO LADDERS FOR ME!
JACKSON'S
YIPES! A--A LADDER!
SON, CO.
THAT'S WHAT CAPTAIN JOE NOTICED ABOUT HIM BEFORE... HE WOULDN'T LIGHT THREE ON A MATCH, PROVING HE WAS SUPERSTITIOUS! I'LL TRAIL HIM MYSELF TO HIS HIDEOUT!

LATER, SUPERBOY MEETS THE POLICE, WHO HAVE TRAILED THE OTHER TWO SUSPECTS...
MY X-RAY VISION SHOWS THEM DIVIDING UP THE LOOT AND... YES--THE SERIAL NUMBERS CHECK WITH THE STOLEN BANK MONEY! ARREST THEM!

AND SO, WHEN HE NEXT MEETS CAPTAIN JOE...
THE BANK REWARD IS YOURS, CAPTAIN JOE! ALSO, WITH YOUR PHOTOGRAPHIC MEMORY, I CAN RECOMMEND YOU FOR A FINE JOB AS A DETECTIVE!
NO, THANKS, SUPERBOY... I LIKE MY DOORMAN JOB!
BESIDES, I'M SORT OF A "DETECTIVE" RIGHT HERE! PEOPLE OFTEN LOSE THINGS AT THE MOVIES... LIKE THAT GOLD RING, WHICH I SAW ON MRS. OSGOOD'S HAND!
YOU SAVE PEOPLE FROM LOSING VALUABLE PROPERTY! WAIT'LL YOUR SON FREDDY HEARS OF ALL THIS!
LOST + FOUND

INDEED, THE FOLLOWING DAY, BACK AT SCHOOL...
GOSH, CLARK!-- HOW COULD I THINK MY FATHER'S JOB WAS "UNIMPORTANT"? SUPERBOY TOLD ME ALL ABOUT IT, LAST NIGHT, AND... WELL-- WAIT TILL YOU SEE THE COMPOSITION I WRITE NOW!
IT'S EASY TO SEE, HE ISN'T ASHAMED OF HIS FATHER'S JOB ANYMORE!
AND AFTER SCHOOL...
I WANT YOU ALL TO MEET MY FATHER! HE'S A DOORMAN... AND I'M PROUD OF IT!
I GUESS FREDDY WON'T BE THE LONELIEST BOY IN TOWN ANYMORE!
END.

PEG
I'LL NEVER SPEAK TO ARTHUR AGAIN !
AUTO
HENRY BOLTINOFF
WHY, WHAT'S THE MATTER, PEG?
I ASKED HIM IF HE HAD TO CHOOSE BETWEEN ME AND A NEW CAR, WHICH WOULD HE TAKE !
AND HE SAID HE'D TAKE THE NEW CAR !
THAT'S ALL RIGHT. HE KNEW IF HE HAD A NEW CAR YOU'D COME RUNNING TO HIM !
END

SUPERBOY

The ADVENTURES of SUPERMAN WHEN HE WAS A BOY

WHY, CLARK--I NEVER HEARD SUCH A RIDICULOUS IDEA IN MY LIFE! WHAT COULD POSSIBLY MAKE YOU THINK I'M MISS GLOW?
WELL--I HAVE MY REASONS, LANA!
IF SHE ONLY KNEW, I CAN READ THE LETTER IN HER PURSE WITH MY X-RAY VISION!
Dear Miss Lana Lang, It gives us great pleasure to inform you that you have been selected as Miss Glow!
WHAT'S THIS? CLARK KENT TRYING TO EXPOSE THE DOUBLE IDENTITY OF LANA LANG? THAT'S CERTAINLY A NEW TWIST, CONSIDERING HOW LANA SPENDS ALL HER TIME DOPING OUT WAYS TO PROVE THAT CLARK IS SUPERBOY. WHY THIS TURNABOUT? WHY DOES THE BOY OF STEEL GO TO SUCH GREAT LENGTHS TO REVEAL...
LANA LANG'S SECRET IDENTITY

ONE DAY IN SMALLVILLE, AS LANA LANG AND CLARK KENT TAKE A WALK...
GROW... SHOW... WHAT ELSE RHYMES WITH GLOW, CLARK?
DON'T YOU... HA-HA... KNOW? SINCE WHEN HAVE YOU BEEN WRITING POETRY, LANA?
JUST THEN...
GREAT SCOTT! THAT MODEL HOUSE--BREAKING AWAY FROM THE TRACTOR! I'LL HAVE TO DART BEHIND THOSE BUSHES AND CHANGE TO SUPERBOY!

MOMENTS LATER, AFTER CLARK HAS QUICKLY SWITCHED TO HIS SUPER-ROLE...
GOT IT--JUST IN TIME! I'M LUCKY LANA WAS LOST IN HER OWN THOUGHTS AND DIDN'T SEE ME DISAPPEAR BEHIND THOSE BUSHES! STILL, SHE'S BOUND TO BE SUSPICIOUS WHEN I RETURN!
SUPERBOY'S FEARS ARE WELL FOUNDED, AS SHORTLY AFTERWARD...
AHA! EXIT CLARK--AND SUPERBOY APPEARS! THEN SUPERBOY'S OUT OF SIGHT, AND CLARK APPEARS! YOU'LL SAY YOU WERE SCARED BY THAT RUNAWAY TRACTOR, BUT I THINK YOU'RE SUPERBOY--AND I'M GOING TO PROVE IT!
IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW...
WHEREVER YOU GO, I'LL BE WATCHING--TO SEE WHAT HAPPENS TO YOU WHEN SUPERBOY IS NEEDED!
GOLLY... SHE'S MAKING IT ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE FOR ME TO FUNCTION AS SUPERBOY! IF ONLY THERE WERE SOME WAY TO MAKE HER LESS SUSPICIOUS!
BUT THAT'S NOT THE WORST OF IT--FOR SOME TIME LATER...
SUPERBOY'S SUPPOSED TO TEST A NEW FIREPROOF FABRIC IN THAT FIRE! IT'LL BE FUN WATCHING HIM, WON'T IT, CLARK?
SHE MEANS IT'LL BE FUN WATCHING CLARK SQUIRM IF HE'S SUPERBOY--AND SHE'S RIGHT! HMM... HOW CAN I GET AWAY WITHOUT MAKING HER MORE SUSPICIOUS?
SUDDENLY...
O-O-OH... A SPARK FELL ON YOU! THIS WILL PUT IT OUT!
HA-HA... LOOK AT CLARK--LIKE A DROWNED KITTEN!
SQUOOSH
WHAT'S THE IDEA? NOW I HAVE TO GO HOME AND CHANGE!
I DON'T GET IT! WHY SHOULD LANA GIVE ME AN EXCUSE TO LEAVE IF SHE SUSPECTS I'M SUPERBOY AND WANTS TO PUT ME ON THE SPOT?
2

IN A SECLUDED SPOT, CLARK SOON LEARNS THE STARTLING ANSWER, AS HE CHANGES IDENTITIES...
LEMON PITS! LANA MUST HAVE DUMPED LEMON JUICE ON ME-- KNOWING THAT IT LEAVES A DARK STAIN WHEN SUBJECTED TO HEAT! IF SUPERBOY HAD EMERGED FROM THAT FIRE WITH STAINS ON HIS FACE, SHE'D HAVE PROVEN MY DOUBLE-IDENTITY!
THUS, AWHILE LATER, AS SUPERBOY TESTS THE NEW FABRIC IN THE HEART OF THE BLAZE...
SCRUBBING MY FACE WITH RED-HOT CINDERS DOESN'T BOTHER ME IN THE LEAST, AND REMOVES EVERY TRACE OF THAT STAIN! I'VE OUTWITTED LANA THIS TIME-- BUT UNLESS I DISCOURAGE HER CURIOSITY, SHE'LL BE AFTER ME CONSTANTLY!
THAT EVENING, WHILE CLARK CONTINUES TO WORRY OVER LANA'S PRYING...
MOM! I DID IT! I WON THE NATIONWIDE MISS GLOW CONTEST, ENTITLING ME TO $75,000 PLUS MY WEIGHT IN GOLD!
OH, THAT'S WONDERFUL, DEAR!
OR--OR IS IT? I JUST READ A STORY ABOUT ONE CONTEST WINNER WHO LOST ALL HER FRIENDS, BECAUSE SHE NEVER KNEW IF THEY WERE FRIENDLY FOR HER SAKE OR FOR HER MONEY!
OH DEAR--YES... I'VE HEARD OF THAT HAPPENING TOO!
MEANWHILE, NEXT DOOR, WHERE CLARK HAS TUNED IN HIS SUPER-HEARING TO DETECT A KNOCK IN THE FAMILY OIL BURNER...
I KNOW WHAT I'LL DO, MOTHER! I'LL ACCEPT THE AWARD, DONATE IT TO CHARITY, AND HAVE THEM KEEP MY NAME SECRET!
HMM... SO NOW LANA WILL HAVE A SECRET IDENTITY! WHAT AN IDEA THAT GIVES ME!
NEXT DAY, AS LANA LEAVES THE HOUSE...
THE MORNING PAPER HAD AN ARTICLE ABOUT THE MYSTERY CONTEST WINNER, AND SAID SHE'D ATTEND A PARTY GIVEN IN HER HONOR-- MASKED! WELL--ONE LITTLE KICK, AND I RAISE A RIDGE ON THE CEMENT SO THAT...
3

EEEK! I TRIPPED!
I'VE GOT YOU, LANA!
BUT WHEN I CATCH HER, I "ACCIDENTALLY" JOSTLE HER ELBOW--AND HER PURSE FALLS TO THE GROUND! SHE'S TOO DISTRACTED TO SEE ME SMOOTHING BACK THE CONCRETE IN A MOMENT!
I'LL PICK THESE THINGS UP FOR YOU, LANA! BUT--WHAT'S THIS?... A MASK?
YES--ER--GIVE IT TO ME! I--I'M ...UH... GOING TO A MASQUERADE PARTY!
WITH MY BODY AS A SHIELD, LANA CAN'T SEE ME REACH RIGHT BENEATH THIS ROAD! I'LL SMEAR SOME THICK TAR ON MY HANDS, THEN RETURN THE MASK AND REPAIR THIS BREAK!
WAIT... I GET IT! YOU MUST BE THE MYSTERY WINNER! THAT'S WHY YOU HAVE THE MASK, AND THAT'S WHY YOU WANTED A RHYME FOR GLOW THE OTHER DAY! I'M SURE OF IT, AND I'M GOING TO PROVE IT!
THAT--THAT'S RIDICULOUS, CLARK!
GLOW TOOTHPASTE CONTEST AWARD WINNER--SMALLVILLE GIRL! INSISTS ON SECRECY TO ATTEND PARTY IN HER HONOR MASKED
OF COURSE, I WON'T REALLY DISCLOSE HER SECRET--BUT SHE'S GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT I FEEL LIKE, WHEN SHE CONSTANTLY PESTERS ME WITH TRICKS! AND NOW THAT I'VE GIVEN HER SOMETHING TO WORRY ABOUT, I HAVE A JOB TO DO AS SUPERBOY!
SECONDS LATER, HIGH OVER SMALLVILLE...
JUST AS I SUSPECTED. THE ANNOUNCEMENT ABOUT LANA HAS ATTRACTED SOME UNDESIRABLE CHARACTERS INTENT ON STEALING HER WINNINGS! FORTUNATELY, MY SUPER-MEMORY RETAINS PICTURES OF ALL WANTED CRIMINALS--SO I'LL RETURN THEM WHERE THEY'RE WANTED!
ACME FURNITURE STORE
4

GREETINGS! NICE OF YOU MEN TO COME TO SMALLVILLE... SAVES ME THE EFFORT OF LOOKING FOR YOU ELSEWHERE!
SEE?... I TOLD YOU GUYS WE WERE LOOKING FOR TROUBLE BY COMING HERE!
BUT WHILE SUPERBOY FLIES OFF WITH HIS CAPTIVES...
I HAVE NO CRIMINAL RECORD-- SO SUPERBOY CAN'T POSSIBLY SUSPECT ME OF COMING HERE TO STEAL THAT GOLD... AND I HAVE A PERFECT PLAN TO GET IT, DESPITE HIM!
A LITTLE LATER, AFTER THE BOY OF STEEL HAS RESUMED HIS EVERYDAY IDENTITY...
AS I RETURNED TO SMALLVILLE, I NOTICED LANA GOING INTO THIS PLACE, WEARING HER MASK! I'LL WAIT FOR HER TO COME OUT, AND GIVE HER THE NEEDLE AGAIN!
GLOW TOOTHPASTE CONTEST HEADQUARTERS
SHORTLY, AS THE "MYSTERY" GIRL EMERGES...
HA... THAT MASK DOESN'T FOOL ME--LANA LANG! WHEN I PICKED IT UP THIS MORNING, I SECRETLY SPREAD SOME TAR ON IT-- AND TAR TAKES HOURS TO WASH OFF! SO IF YOU AVOID ME FOR THE NEXT FEW HOURS, I'LL KNOW WHY!
OH DEAR!
TRACKING THE FRANTIC LANA WITH HIS SUPER-VISION, CLARK GETS REAL SATISFACTION OUT OF THE SCENE THAT FOLLOWS...
LOOK AT HER TRYING TO SCRUB AWAY THOSE TAR STAINS! SHE WON'T DARE STEP OUT UNTIL THEY WEAR OFF!
NEXT MORNING, AS LANA LEAVES HER HOUSE...
NOW DON'T GO JUMPING TO CONCLUSIONS, CLARK! THE ONLY REASON I STAYED INDOORS, YESTERDAY, WAS BECAUSE I... ER... HAD A HEADACHE!
HA-HA... ALREADY SHE'S BEGINNING TO FEEL WHAT SHE'S MADE ME FEEL SO OFTEN! BUT JUST WAIT TILL SHE SEES WHAT I HAVE IN STORE FOR HER NEXT...
ABRUPTLY...
EEK! A MOUSE!
JUST A TOY MOUSE-- TO TRICK YOU INTO JUMPING ONTO THAT CRATE!

CONTINUED ON THIRD PAGE FOLLOWING.

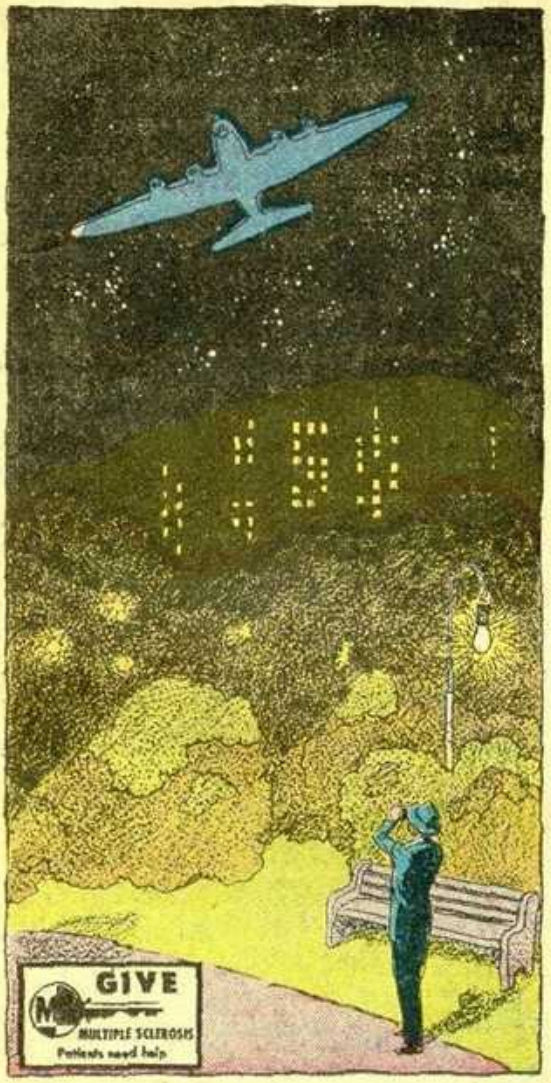
ACTUALLY, THIS THING'S REALLY A SCALE FITTED INTO A CRATE! NOW I KNOW YOUR EXACT WEIGHT! LET'S SEE... IF THE MYSTERY MISS GLOW WEIGHS 110½, IT'LL BE FURTHER PROOF THAT SHE AND YOU ARE THE SAME PERSON!
G-GOLLY... EVEN IF PEOPLE FOUND THAT OUT AFTER I GAVE THE MONEY AWAY, THEY MIGHT NEVER REALLY BELIEVE IT-- AND I'LL STILL BE IN TROUBLE!
CLARK IS DRIVING ME MAD WITH HIS SUSPICIONS AND TRICKS! YET-- MAYBE I CAN TELL THE GLOW PEOPLE NOT TO PUBLISH WHAT I WEIGHED!
AND DON'T THINK YOU CAN KEEP MISS GLOW'S WEIGHT SECRET! I VOLUNTEERED TO BE ON THE PLATFORM WHEN THEY WEIGH HER-- AND I'LL SEE FOR MYSELF!
IN THE MEANTIME, NOT FAR AWAY...
A MOMENT BEFORE THE GOLD IS PRESENTED TO THE MYSTERY WINNER, I'LL USE THIS ELECTRONIC REMOTE-CONTROL SYSTEM TO BLOW UP A BRIDGE A MILE AWAY! SUPERBOY WILL HAVE TO SPEED TO THE RESCUE, NO MATTER WHERE HE IS!
MISS GLOW TO RECEIVE HER WEIGHT IN GOLD HERE TODAY
AND SUPERBOY WILL BE ON THE PLATFORM AS CLARK KENT-- NOT KNOWING THAT HIS EFFORT TO REVEAL LANA'S IDENTITY MAY REVEAL HIS OWN AS HE SPEEDS AWAY!
UNAWARE OF THIS SCHEME, THE BOY OF STEEL CONTINUES TO ENJOY LANA'S PLIGHT...
READY FOR LUNCH, LANA? YOU HAVEN'T HAD A THING ALL DAY... YOU MUST BE STARVED!
WHY-- ER-- NO... I DON'T WANT ANYTHING! I THINK I'LL-- UH-- TAKE A LONG WALK INSTEAD!
HMM... SHE WANTS TO SKIP EATING AND TAKE EXERCISE TILL SHE GETS WEIGHED-- SO SHE'LL LOSE WEIGHT AND NOT REVEAL HER SECRET. WELL-- MAYBE I CAN STOP THAT...
SOON, IN A WILDERNESS AREA...
NO ONE WILL MISS THIS WILD PLUM TREE... AND SINCE PLUMS ARE LANA'S FAVORITE FRUIT, I'LL REPLANT IT IN A MORE USEFUL LOCATION!
RRRIP
6

BACK NEAR LANA'S HOME...
NOW, I'LL JUST PLACE IT HERE-- AND WAIT FOR HER TO COME ALONG!
PRESENTLY...
I GUESS I'VE LOST ENOUGH WEIGHT TO... WH-WHAT?? PLUMS... MY FAVORITE FRUIT! I--I SHOULDN'T EAT ANY... AND YET, JUST ONE WOULDN'T MAKE MUCH DIFFERENCE!
BUT AFTER LANA HAS EATEN ONE... AND JUST ONE MORE...
I--I'M STARVED... THIRSTY FROM MY WALK... CAN'T STOP... AND THEY'RE SO-- SO DELICIOUS!
HMM... SHE'S ALREADY EATEN ENOUGH TO MAKE UP FOR HER LOST LUNCH, HER HIKE, AND THE WALK BACK...
...SO ONE PUFF OF SUPER-BREATH AND GOODBYE PLUMS!
THAT SUDDEN WIND-- BLEW THEM AWAY! HMM--IT'S LATE... I'D BETTER GO GET READY FOR THE WEIGHING!
WHOOSH
SO AWHILE LATER, AT THE WEIGHING CEREMONY...
THERE YOU ARE, MISS GLOW-- 110 1/2 POUNDS OF GOLD!
I DON'T KNOW WHERE SUPERBOY IS NOW-- BUT AS SOON AS I PRESS THIS BUTTON, HE'LL HAVE TO BE AT THAT BLOWNUP BRIDGE, TO PREVENT DISASTER!
GLOW TOOTHPASTE IS ALSO WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD!
NEXT INSTANT, A DISTANT EXPLOSION-- AND A PERPLEXED CLARK ARISES TO DANGER...
I--I MUST REPAIR THAT BRIDGE AT ONCE... YET--IF I LEAVE NOW, LANA WILL BE SURE OF MY IDENTITY! IN TRYING TO TRAP HER, I'VE TRAPPED MYSELF AND... WAIT! THAT MAN WITH A GUN... IF I GO, HE'LL SHOOT ANYONE TRYING TO STOP HIM FROM GETTING THE GOLD!
QUITE A DILEMMA, CLARK! WHAT WILL YOU DO?
7

ANYONE TRY TO STOP ME--AND I'LL SHOOT!
HMM... HE'S ON THE OPPOSITE END OF THIS STEEL BEAM BENEATH MY FOOT! IF I PRESS DOWN HARD ON MY SIDE...
...HIS SIDE GOES UP, LIKE A SEE-SAW--AND SO FAST THAT NO ONE SEES WHAT TRIPPED HIM! WITHOUT HIS GUN, SURROUNDED BY SO MANY PEOPLE, HE'S HARMLESS... AND SINCE THEY'RE ALL CONCENTRATING ON HIM, I CAN SLIP AWAY UNNOTICED!
SCANT MOMENTS LATER...
NO TIME TO REPAIR THE BRIDGE NOW! I'LL JUST DIVE DOWN HERE...
WHAMMP
...AND COME UP ON THIS SIDE! I'VE CLEARED ENOUGH EARTH OUT TO MAKE A TUNNEL--WHICH THE TRAFFIC CAN USE TILL I HAVE TIME TO REPAIR THAT BRIDGE! NOW TO RETURN AS CLARK... THEY'VE PROBABLY DISPOSED OF THAT CROOK WITHOUT MY HELP!
AND WHEN CLARK DOES RETURN...
GOSH, CLARK--IF I WANTED TO BE SUSPICIOUS, I'D SAY YOU WERE SUPERBOY, JUST BECAUSE YOU RAN AWAY WHEN THAT MAN TRIED TO HOLD US UP! BUT THAT WOULD BE SILLY... JUST AS--ER--SILLY AS THINKING I'M THE MYSTERY WINNER BECAUSE SHE--ER--WEIGHED THE SAME AS I DO!
NOW THAT I SEE HOW MUCH TROUBLE SILLY SUSPICIONS CAN CAUSE, I'LL STOP PESTERING YOU WHEN COINCIDENCE MAKES IT LOOK AS IF YOU'RE SUPERBOY!
WELL--MY LITTLE PLAN WORKED! I KNOW LANA WON'T CHANGE FOR GOOD--BUT AT LEAST THIS WILL GIVE ME A LONG VACATION FROM HER SNOOPING!
THE END.

SHOOTING THE STARS

Have You an Adventurous Spirit? Do You Want to Explore Vast Spaces of the Sky? Then, Navigation Is Your Answer



IT happened back in the early 1940's. The veteran pilot was flying his plane up a Greenland fiord toward a landing field. He was judging his position and direction by landmarks on the ground.

He recognized the long, twisting river that snaked northward in a long curving arc. And he also recognized the canal to its west. Then, suddenly, his heart skipped a beat.

Directly ahead of him, and too close for him to avoid smashing into, loomed a gigantic mountain wall, dazzling white with snow and ice.

He banked sharply, but he knew he could never avoid it. Now he could see a massive ridge frozen solid with layers of glowing ice. Giant icicles, like hanging gardens, sparkled as the sunlight glanced off at an angle.

Automatically, the pilot cut the engines. The silence was almost eerie as the plane swept right into the mountain.

But, instead of the expected crash of metal against mountain, there was only the sound of a great SWISSSSH! In an instant, the mountain vanished. The ice-capped peaks were gone! And as the pilot now stared ahead and down, the familiar river and the canal were back!

Switching his motors on, the pilot looked back. He sighed deeply with relief. *What he had thought to be a gigantic mountain was nothing but a cloud!*

How could a veteran pilot possibly believe that he had traveled so far off-course when he had recognized familiar objects on the ground below? Because every pilot knows that there may be dozens of landmarks that are almost exactly similar in different parts of the earth, and even within one country. A pilot who flies by familiar landmarks

alone is never surprised at the sudden spectacle of an unfamiliar mountain straight ahead.

But, nowadays navigators use instruments to keep track of their position and direction. What are these instruments? They are amazingly simple gadgets that can be learned by any intelligent high school senior. They consist of compasses to point the way, and sextants, altimeters, and driftmeters to fix the position.

Amazingly enough, these instruments are only the tools which enable the modern navigator to utilize the same means of judging dead reckoning as captains of sailing ships did centuries ago. The difference is one of terminology and speed. The old-time navigators used to "read" the stars. In this age of speed, navigators "shoot" the stars. But the principles are the same.

Naturally, the air-borne navigator faces problems undreamed of by Columbus. For every minute that he takes in figuring out his position, his position moves several miles ahead. And, of course, there is the additional factor of altitude that Columbus didn't have to worry about.

Shooting the stars is the most important part of the navigator's job. How does he do it? It seems remarkable that he can pick out two or three stars, then take up his octant and, within 15 minutes, fix his position within a radius of 10 miles.

Actually, taking a three-star fix is like taking three different clues that give him a definite idea of where in the world he is.

You can try it out yourself on a smaller scale in the nearest park, using three lampposts instead of stars. You first shoot one of the lamps with a small inexpensive octant you can buy in any Army and Navy store. You learn that the light of the first lamppost is 60 degrees above the horizontal ground level. This tells you that you are somewhere on the circle around the lamp from every point of which the light appears at that 60 degree altitude.

Now, if you shoot another lamp, you will be able to plot a second circle around the second lamp. Since you must be somewhere on both circles, your position is at a point where the two circles meet. Do the same with a third lamppost, and you will have plotted your exact position just as the navigators of our big planes do every day.

This is the essence of "shooting the stars." To do this with real stars, it will first be necessary to learn the stars. Once this is accomplished, plotting a position can be learned in a week.

In the early days of instrument flying, you had to be a mathematical wizard before you could take up the study of navigating. This is no longer true. Today, the instruments contained in every plane require only common sense to understand and read.

Take the modern altimeter, for instance. There are two basic kinds in use today: the pressure altimeter, which is actually a barometer that works on the principle that air pressure decreases with altitude, and the radio altimeter, a radar instrument, which measures the actual distance to the ground by timing radio waves. In practice, navigators use both types, reducing the possibility of error to zero.

Navigating is a fascinating field, having a special attraction to young men with adventurous spirits who wish to explore the vast spaces of the sky.

—James Mackay

COLONEL CORNWALL
HURRY, PROFESSOR!..PUFF... PUFF...HE'S GAINING!
UP THIS TREE! WE'LL BE SAFE HERE!
COLONEL! DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?
WH-WHY HE'S CLIMBING UP AFTER US!
AMAZING!... ABSOLUTELY AMAZING!
AMAZING? IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!
A RHINOCEROS CLIMBING A TREE!
ACTUALLY, THERE MUST BE A VERY GOOD SCIENTIFIC EXPLANATION!
I'M SURE THERE IS, PROFESSOR! BUT WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, TRY FIGURING THIS ONE OUT!
THE END

BE MY GUEST AT PALISADES AMUSEMENT PARK, NEW JERSEY. THIS COUPON ENTITLES YOU TO
FREE ADMISSION-
FREE ACTS--
FREE PARKING!
WORTH 25¢
ADMIT ONE (1) To
PALISADES AMUSEMENT PARK
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GOOD MONDAYS and FRIDAYS (EXCEPT HOLIDAYS) UNTIL 9 P.M.
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SUPERBOY
The ADVENTURES of SUPERMAN WHEN HE WAS A BOY
YOU'VE ALL READ THE STORY OF ROBINSON CRUSOE-- MAROONED ON A DESERT ISLE-- STRUGGLING FOR SURVIVAL! HERE IS AN EVEN STRANGER TALE-- THE STORY OF SUPERBOY MAROONED ON AN ISLAND IN SPACE-- UNABLE TO LEAVE HIS DANGEROUS SANCTUARY! AND MORE AMAZING, THE BOY OF STEEL ALSO MEETS A MYSTERIOUS MAN FRIDAY, KNOWN AS--
METALLO OF KRYPTON
A--A HUMAN FOOTPRINT ON THIS ISLAND IN SPACE-- MILLIONS OF MILES FROM EARTH! WHAT-- WHAT CAN IT MEAN?

ONE DAY, IN A FAMED ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATORY...
WE SENT FOR YOU BECAUSE WE'RE WORRIED, SUPERBOY. ALL OUR CALCULATIONS INDICATE A HUGE COMET RACING TOWARD THE SUN!
IF IT HITS THE SUN, IT MAY CAUSE EXPLOSIONS WHICH MAY DESTROY THE EARTH!
DO YOU THINK...
...THAT I COULD JOURNEY INTO SPACE AND INTERCEPT IT?
CERTAINLY!

A HUMAN ROCKET, THE BOY OF STEEL SPEEDS INTO SPACE, AND SOON...
SINCE THE COMET CONSISTS MOSTLY OF FIERY GASES, I'LL DISPERSE IT THROUGH SPACE WITH A PUFF OF SUPER-BREATH!
SO, A MOMENT LATER--STRANGE INTERSTELLAR FIRE-WORKS FLAME IN SPACE AS SUPERBOY'S PUFFING DISPOSES OF THE COMET!
PRESENTLY, IN OUTER SPACE, AS SUPERBOY SPEEDS BACK TO EARTH...
I'M LOSING MY STRENGTH--CAN BARELY MOVE--THIS CLOUD OF COSMIC DUST I'M PASSING THROUGH MUST BE KRYPTONITE--THE ONE SUBSTANCE THAT WEAKENS ME! IT--IT'S PROBABLY BEEN FLOATING THROUGH SPACE SINCE THE PLANET KRYPTON BLEW UP!
AN INERT FIGURE PLUMMETS THROUGH SPACE, LANDING ON A NEARBY ASTEROID...
THIS WHOLE DESOLATE ASTEROID SEEMS SURROUNDED BY THAT CLOUD OF KRYPTONITE DUST! I--I CAN'T POSSIBLY BREAK THROUGH--ANYWHERE!
FOR TENSE, LONG MOMENTS, THE BOY OF STEEL STARES INTO THE SKY WITH HIS TELESCOPIC VISION...
THAT MASS OF KRYPTONITE DUST IS SLOWLY COMING CLOSER AND CLOSER. WITHIN A WEEK, THIS WHOLE ASTEROID WILL BE SMOTHERED BY THE DUST--AND I'LL BE POWERLESS--FOREVER--IF I CAN'T FIND A WAY TO BREAK THROUGH!
JUST LIKE ROBINSON CRUSOE--I'M MAROONED--ON AN ISLAND IN SPACE! AND, LIKE CRUSOE, I MUST BUILD MYSELF A SHELTER--AGAINST THE EFFECTS OF THE EVER-NEARING KRYPTONITE--A SHELTER OF LEAD--THE ONLY SUBSTANCE WHICH SHIELDS ME FROM ITS HARMFUL RAYS!

CIRCLING THE LONELY LITTLE PLANETOID, SUPERBOY PROBES THE SURFACE WITH HIS X-RAY VISION, UNTIL...
FORTUNATELY THERE'S JUST ENOUGH LEAD BELOW TO MAKE A LEAD IGLOO. I'LL BRING IT UP AND USE IT TO BUILD MY SHELTER!
WHAMMP!
SHORTLY AFTERWARD...
I'LL HAVE TO BUILD A HOUSE WITH THAT LEAD--THEN SEARCH FOR A FOOD AND WATER SUPPLY. I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG I'LL BE HERE. RIGHT NOW I CAN'T THINK OF ANY POSSIBLE WAY TO BREAK THROUGH THAT KRYPTON BARRIER!
YET--I MUST BREAK THROUGH--OR SPEND THE REST OF MY LIFE HERE! WITH PROVISIONS AND LEAD SHELTER, I'LL BE ABLE TO USE MY SUPER-POWERS EVEN WHEN THE ASTEROID IS BLANKETED WITH KRYPTONITE--BUT I'LL BE FORCED TO REMAIN IN MY LEAD HOUSE! HMM... MAYBE SOME SLEEP WILL SHARPEN MY WITS!
NEXT MORNING...
WHAT? A--A HUMAN FOOT-PRINT! JUST LIKE CRUSOE FOUND ON HIS DESERTED ISLE! YET--I--I SAW NO SIGNS OF NATIVES HERE YESTERDAY WHEN I CIRCLED THE ASTER-OID. WHAT CAN IT MEAN?
BEFORE THE BOY OF STEEL CAN PONDER THE MYSTERY FURTHER...
A ROBOT--UNDOUBTEDLY THE PRODUCT OF AN ADVANCED CIVILIZATION! HOW--HOW DID HE GET HERE--AND WHY DOES HE WANT ME TO LEAVE?
LEAVE HERE--AT ONCE!
I'M SORRY, BUT...
I MUST ASK YOU TO GO. IF YOU DO NOT LEAVE WILLINGLY, I WILL FORCE YOU TO!

I DO NOT DESIRE TO HURT YOU, BUT YOU LEAVE ME NO CHOICE!
I COULD STEP OUT OF ITS WAY QUICKLY-- BUT IF HE SEES HE CAN'T TOUCH ME, HE MAY STOP TRYING TO HURT ME--BEFORE I HAVE TO HARM HIM!
YOU ARE INVULNERABLE! THEN YOU MUST BE FROM THE DESTROYED PLANET KRYPTON, TOO!
WHAMMM!
BUT WHAT DO YOU MEAN-- TOO? ARE YOU FROM KRYPTON?
MOST CERTAINLY I AM! THE SCIENTISTS OF KRYPTON USED THIS ASTEROID FOR SECRET EXPERIMENTS-- AND THEY MADE ME, METALLO, TO GUARD IT AGAINST ALL STRANGERS!
FOR MANY YEARS, I HAVE BEEN LIVING HERE ALONE-- DREAMING OF THE PAST-- WHICH WAS DESTROYED. YOU CANNOT IMAGINE HOW GLAD I AM TO SEE YOU. BUT-- TELL ME-- HOW DID YOU ESCAPE THE DOOM OF ALL OUR PEOPLE?
WELL, MY FATHER FORESAW THE EXPLOSION AND..
AFTER SUPERBOY EXPLAINS HOW HE WAS SENT TO EARTH IN A ROCKET SHIP AS A CHILD...
PLEASE, SUPERBOY-- PERMIT ME TO SERVE YOU. I HAVE LONGED FOR THE DAY WHEN I MIGHT SEE ANOTHER KRYPTONIAN--AND NOW THAT IT HAS COME-- LET ME HELP YOU.
I CERTAINLY NEED HELP!
THAT CLOUD OF KRYPTONITE ABOVE-- DRAWING CLOSER EVERY DAY...
I KNOW! IT SPELLS MY DOOM, TOO-- FOR LIKE LIVING KRYPTONIANS-- I, ALSO AM VULNERABLE TO KRYPTONITE. TO ME, EXPOSURE MEANS NOT WEAKNESS-- BUT DEATH!
4

WE WILL WORK TOGETHER--TO SAVE EACH OTHER! I HAVE MANY POWERS--AND INTELLIGENCE TO MATCH YOU! SEE--MY HANDS CAN BE MADE TO GLOW RED HOT!
I CAN MELT THE LEAD AND SHAPE IT INTO BUILDING BLOCKS!
HOW STRANGE--I WAS COMPARING MYSELF TO ROBINSON CRUSOE BEFORE--AND NOW THE COMPARISON IS COMPLETE! MAROONED IN SPACE, I'VE EVEN FOUND A MAN FRIDAY!
LEAVE ME IN CHARGE OF THE SHELTER, SUPERBOY--AND YOU SEARCH FOR PROVISIONS WHICH YOU CAN STORE HERE SAFE FROM KRYPTONITE--IN THE EVENT WE DO NOT FIND A WAY TO LEAVE BEFORE THE KRYPTONITE FALLS!
SUPERBOY SOARS TO A DISTANT SPOT, WHERE,
THERE'S ENOUGH FRUIT ON THOSE TREES TO SUSTAIN ME FOR MONTHS--BUT IF I PICK THE FRUIT, IT MAY SPOIL! THE BEST THING FOR ME TO DO IS...
...TO PLUCK THEM UP BY THEIR ROOTS, AND THEN TRANSPLANT THEM WHERE OUR LEAD SHELTER WILL BE! THAT WAY, THEY WILL KEEP INDEFINITELY!
SHORTLY AFTERWARD, SUPERBOY RETURNS, AND...
BY JUMPING FROM SPOT TO SPOT WITH ENOUGH SUPER FORCE, I CAN PENETRATE THE GROUND AND MAKE HOLES FOR TRANSPLANTING THE TREES!

A LITTLE LATER, WHEN SUPERBOY HAS FINISHED HIS WORK...
HMM... MY ROBOT FRIDAY IS STRANGELY QUIET-- I WONDER-- HAS HE THOUGHT OF A WAY OF ESCAPE THAT HAS ELUDED MY HUMAN BRAIN?
HOWEVER, WHEN SUPERBOY ASKS...
NO, MASTER SUPERBOY. I--ER--CAN'T THINK OF ANY PLAN. NOT--ER--YET.
YOU REST, SUPERBOY. I WILL DRILL THROUGH THE EARTH--FOR WATER THAT CAN'T POSSIBLY BE CONTAMINATED BY KRYPTONITE. SOON, YOU WILL HAVE A PURE WELL--RIGHT HERE.
IT MUST HAVE BEEN MY IMAGINATION. HE SEEMS SO EAGER TO SERVE ME!
THAT'S STRANGE. HE--HE SOUNDS FLUSTERED-- ALMOST GUILTY--AS IF I'D CAUGHT HIM IN A THOUGHT HE DIDN'T WANT ME TO KNOW!
DAYS PASS--AS ROBOT AND HUMAN KRYPTONIAN WORK SIDE BY SIDE, AND THEN...
WE'VE GOT THE SHELTER FINISHED-- BUT STILL--NEITHER OF US HAS A PLAN FOR ESCAPE. WE MIGHT BUILD A ROCKET SHIP OF LEAD-- BUT...
...BUT THERE IS NOTHING TO POWER IT WITH. THIS ASTEROID HAS NO OIL-- NO URANIUM-- NOTHING THAT COULD BE USED TO GET A ROCKET INTO SPACE!
AND, AS THE CLOUD OF KRYPTONITE COMES CLOSER AND CLOSER
THANK GOODNESS FOR THIS SHELTER! WITHOUT IT-- THE KRYPTONITE WOULD RENDER ME POWER-LESS!
AT LEAST THERE ARE TWO OF US TO SHARE THE DOOM TOGETHER. WE MAY BE HERE FOREVER-- BUT WE WILL NOT BE LONELY!
THAT NIGHT, SIDE BY SIDE, MAROONED IN THE LIMITLESS MILES OF SPACE, THE LAST TWO BEINGS OF KRYPTON HUDDLE TOGETHER IN THEIR SHELTER!
IT--IT LOOKS HOPELESS. I--I'LL HAVE TO SAY GOODBYE TO EARTH FOREVER!
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NEXT MORNING, WHEN SUPERBOY AWAKES..
I--I FEEL STRANGE... CAN'T MOVE! I-- WH-WHAT? THE SHELTER'S BEEN REMOVED AND METALLO'S GONE, TOO! HE--HE LEFT ME HERE-- EXPOSED TO THE KRYPTONITE WHICH HAS COME EVEN CLOSER!
HE--HE MUST HAVE FOUND A WAY TO USE THE LEAD FOR HIS ESCAPE--AND LEFT ME HERE-- HELPLESS--FOREVER! I--I DON'T UNDERSTAND. I--I WAS SURE HE WAS LOYAL-- DEVOTED TO ME--BUT IT-- IT WAS ALL A SHAM!
SUDDENLY...
I--I'M FALLING! THE GROUND'S CAVED IN!
MOMENTS LATER, SUPERBOY FINDS HIMSELF SURROUNDED IN DARKNESS
THIS DARK CAVERN--WHAT IS IT? AND THAT LOOKS LIKE A ROOF ABOVE--CLOSING-- SHUTTING ME IN! WHAT--WHAT'S HAPPENING?
A SCANT SECOND AFTERWARD..
I--I SEEM TO BE MOVING--AND--AND GETTING STRONGER! THIS OBJECT--IT--IT'S MADE OF LEAD--SHIELDS ME FROM THE RAYS OF KRYPTONITE! THINGS ARE HAPPENING SO FAST, I--I CAN BARELY PUT MY THOUGHTS TOGETHER!
AS THE BOY OF STEEL EXAMINES HIS SURROUNDINGS MORE CAREFULLY...
OVER THERE--A--A MESSAGE FOR ME-- BURNT INTO A SLAB OF LEAD!
DEAR SUPERBOY
7

EAGERLY, SUPERBOY SCANS THE MESSAGE...
DEAR SUPERBOY: BY THE TIME YOU READ THIS, YOU WILL BE BEYOND THE KRYPTONITE CLOUD--AND I WILL BE--DEAD! WHILE YOU SLEPT, I MELTED ALL THE LEAD FROM THE SHELTER, PLACED IT IN A PIT I DUG DIRECTLY BENEATH YOU, AND RESHAPED IT INTO A ROCKET!
"I WEAKENED THE GROUND ON WHICH YOU WERE LYING, AND YOU FELL INTO THAT ROCKET! QUICKLY, I CLOSED THE ROOF OVER YOU, AND..."
WITH ALL MY STRENGTH, I'LL HURL HIM INTO SPACE, PAST THE KRYPTONITE CLOUD! FAREWELL--MY--MY FRIEND!
I THOUGHT OF THIS PLAN TO SAVE YOU A FEW DAYS BEFORE I USED IT! WILL YOU FORGIVE ME FOR KEEPING YOU HERE--A FEW EXTRA DAYS--TO SHARE MY LAST HOURS? YOUR ROBOT FRIDAY--METALLO OF KRYPTON
THAT'S WHY HE WAS ACTING STRANGELY! HE DID THINK OF A WAY OF ESCAPE--FOR ME!
HIS AMAZING STRENGTH RESTORED, SUPERBOY BURSTS OUT OF THE LEAD ROCKET, AND...
I'M FAR ENOUGH AWAY FROM THE KRYPTONITE SO IT DOESN'T AFFECT ME--BUT I CAN NEVER SEE THE REMAINS OF METALLO--BECAUSE TO APPROACH TOO NEAR WOULD BE MORE THAN I COULD TAKE! HE SACRIFICED HIS LIFE--FOR ME!
SOMEWHAT LATER, ON EARTH...
I'LL USE MY FINGER AS A CHISEL TO WRITE MY MESSAGE... THEN HURL IT ONTO THAT ASTEROID FROM A DISTANCE--IMPLANTING THE POINT IN THE GROUND SO THAT IT WILL STAND FOREVER!
HERE LIES METAL
SMALLVILLE METAL WORKS
PRESENTLY, THE BOY OF STEEL LOOKS DOWN ON THE KRYPTONITE-COVERED ASTEROID FROM A SAFE DISTANCE--WITH HIS ASTOUNDING TELESCOPIC VISION!
I'LL NEVER FORGET YOU, METALLO! YOU'LL ALWAYS INSPIRE ME TO USE MY POWERS AS UNSELFISHLY AS YOU USED YOURS!
HERE LIES METALLO THE ROBOT OF KRYPTON
THE END